

# Marconi's Affair of Love

He met her at a little dinner. She was Lulu Glaser. He was Marconi. It all happened accidentally in Montreal.

The other, Miss Holman, the fiancée of Marconi, heard of it. Marconi was disturbed. Miss Holman was decided. Miss Glaser left Montreal and never thought any more about it. Marconi has gone to Europe again on new voyages of discovery. Miss Holman has gone away with her mother, declaring that she never wants to see Marconi again. Miss Glaser says: "Why, I wasn't the cause of the estrangement. Why should they want to bring me into this case?"

Miss Holman piqued, Miss Glaser indignant and Marconi—silent under the circumstances—are the dramatic personae of a broken courtship which has puzzled people all over the globe.

Last month the news was formally given out by a friend of the family that Miss Josephine Holman, niece of Justice Holman, of the Supreme Court of Indiana, had broken her engagement to the greatest young man of his day—Marconi, the inventor.

This after she had said many a time in authorized interviews that she was deeply in love, that she was supremely happy, and that she would rather marry Marconi, who had discovered the greatest marvel of the twentieth century—wireless telegraphy—than anybody else on earth.

"Why was the engagement broken?" interviewers asked the friends of the family who announced the fact.

"The reason is a private one," was the answer.

Then were speculation and conjecture busy. "It is because he allowed the wedding to be postponed," said Rumor.

"Not sufficient reason for the breaking of an engagement," was the answer of the public's common sense.

"It was because she insisted upon a fashionable wedding at Indianapolis, and he wanted a quiet one in New York."

"Rubbish!" returned shrewd Yankee judgment.

"Because he neglected her for his experiments."

"Case not proven," was the verdict.

At last the real reason has come to light. From Montreal, where the Cafe Francais, attached to the Theatre Francais, swarms with observers; from Indianapolis, where Miss Holman lives and where is the home of her family for three generations; from New York, where live and talk many relatives and friends of the family, comes the truth. The "real reason" for the broken engagement was pique because Marconi happened to look admiringly on another girl, and the occasion for all this disagreement is Miss Lulu Glaser, the star appearing in the opera "Dolly Varden" at the Herald Square Theatre in New York.

Signor Marconi saw Miss Glaser at the Francais Theatre in Montreal. He was introduced to her on the stage between acts.

He gave a supper to her afterward at the fashionable restaurant.

He has sent her letters and telegrams and flowers all along the route of the "Dolly Varden" company, and, of course, a busy man like the inventor is too busy to send such letters and telegrams to Canada and to Indiana at the same time.

Miss Lulu Glaser is piqued now. "How dare they put me in such a position?" she challenges. "Why don't they give the reason for the broken engagement? If they quarreled about me it was not my fault. What do I care about Signor Marconi, except that he is a great scientist? Less than nothing. The ugly little!"

Miss Glaser lapses into discreet silence. None of the inventor's telegrams or letters has been answered, nor have his flowers been acknowledged.

"Dolly Varden" appeared at the Theatre Francais, in Montreal, for a holiday engagement. Signor Marconi stopped in Montreal on his way from Ottawa, where he had been entertained by the Governor-General as the guest of the Dominion. The vice-regal party gave a box party for him, and from the box he watched the star twinkle and dance and heard her laugh, which is as pleasant as to hear her sing. The Lulu Glaser laugh and the Lulu Glaser eyes and the Lulu Glaser curls are very delightful. These, with the Lulu Glaser spirits and the hoydenish Lulu Glaser witchery, charmed the staid Canadian audience. Who was to blame that they had the same effect upon the grave and busy inventor?

He begged a gentleman of the vice-

regal party to present him. The gentleman asked the permission of the manager of the house. The manager of the house asked the permission of the manager of the company. The manager of the company asked the permission of the star. She consented, and after the curtain fell the inventor and his party went behind the scenes and were presented to the star on the stage.

Signor Marconi invited Miss Glaser and the management and some of the principals to join himself and friends at supper after the play. They accepted. The supper party took place at the Cafe Francais attached to the theatre. Signor Marconi placed Miss Glaser at his right.

Signor Marconi proposed a toast at the dinner, though a man of few words and brief.

"To lovely woman!" he toasted, bowing low over his glass and looking straight into Miss Glaser's blue eyes.

"To science and the greatest of scientists," laughed Miss Glaser, and Signor Marconi made a deeper bow. He has said he enjoyed being famous. But this reminder of fame from a beautiful stranger, Signor Marconi declared, was indescribable.

"You are going to New York," he said. "Let us drink to the success of the New York engagement."

"Thank you. And now to the success of wireless telegraphy," returned the actress.

"The American women are adorable," he said to his friends when they had put the star into her carriage.

The next morning "Dolly Varden" was on her way to the next "stand" but Signor Marconi sent a messenger to the book and picture stalls to buy a photograph of Miss Glaser. And he commenced a series of telegrams.

How did Miss Holman, waiting for her busy bridegroom at Indianapolis, know this?

Not from Miss Glaser, who is used and indifferent to such tributes.

Not from Signor Marconi, who was too busy to mention it.

The dispatches from Montreal mentioned the meeting. Woman's wit supplied the rest.

And Signor Marconi was busy with his experiments, with his heavy correspondence, with his many callers. Time is short to the man who is world-famous and is living up to its requirements. It is tedious for the woman who is waiting for her bridegroom.

Miss Holman told Signor Marconi so. She had come to New York to "talk it over" with him. She received him at the apartment in West Seventy-second street.

"You have written so seldom and so unsatisfactorily," she said.

"I have been very busy," he said.

"But not too busy to give a supper to an actress at Montreal," she retorted. The remarks of women may be foolish or they may be stinging. Marconi told Miss Holman hers were both.

There was a great deal more of this conversation, and there were tears. The next week Mr. McClure, the friend of the family, announced that the engagement has been broken. Signor Marconi confirmed the news. Miss Holman and her mother sailed for Europe the next day on the Oceanic. Signor Marconi left on the next sailing day. They have not met since they went abroad and both have said they hoped they would not meet again.

Meanwhile Miss Glaser, full only of ambition, sings and dances and coquettes nightly in "Dolly Varden" at the Herald Square. She is of a type far removed from the slim, shy, lark-eyed girl who was to have married Marconi. Miss Holman is a confident young woman whom travel and society at the capital have never brought out of her real retirement. She is in society, but not of it. She is essentially domestic. She preferred to shine in the light of another if that other were the husband of her choice.

Miss Glaser, fetching, buoyant, self-reliant, long ago determined that there was a niche reserved for her in the hall of fame, and that she would never rest, would never allow any foolish affairs of the heart to interfere until she reached it. That was when she was fifteen years old and had ridden down parental opposition and joined the chorus in Francis Wilson's opera company in "The Lion Tamer."

The star soon noticed the child with the big eyes and very white teeth in the chorus line. He saw that she looked and behaved only like herself; that she could not possibly be mistaken for any of the other girls.

"She is different. She has individuality. We must give her a chance," he said to his manager. The manager gave her Marie Jansen's

part to understudy. This was somewhat of a risk; but no one dreamed that the exuberant Marie Jansen would ever be ill. Fall ill she did, however, just six weeks after the "little girl named Glaser" joined the chorus at Allegheny City, and to the trepidation of every one in the company, including her understudy.

"Let her try to sing the part. If it comes to the worst we can close and give the people their money back," said Mr. Wilson.

Miss Glaser tried and succeeded. Her piquancy, her childishness; her frank awkwardness, her fresh young voice and her babyish beauty pleased the audience at the Broadway theatre, in New York. They gave her as many encores as they had given Marie Jansen, and when the prima donna left the company she succeeded her. That was twelve years ago, and she remained with Mr. Wilson as his leading woman, in "Oola," "Half a King," "The Little Corporal," "Erminie," "Cyrano de Bergerac" and various other productions. But the niche of the particular attitude at which she had placed it was still unoccupied.

She left the Wilson Opera Company and went a-starring in "Sweet Anne Page." Again she starred in "The Prima Donna," and now she is "Dolly Varden."

Miss Glaser is healthy and an athlete. She rows and plays golf well, and says she loves above everything else to "prowl about in the woods."

She is not thinking much about Marconi.

She gets very vexed when the subject is mentioned. — San Francisco Examiner.

**The Fall of a General.**

"In my recent trip west," said a Detroitier who returned to California the other day, "I was accompanied a part of the way by an acquaintance who is something of a joker. As I was ready to leave Chicago I saw him talking with the sleeping car porter but had no suspicions of what he was up to until a couple of hours later. Then the porter called me 'general' and tumbled over himself to wait on me.

"I ought to have denied the title at once, but it had such a pleasant sound in my ears that I made no protest. He must have spread the news that there was a 'general' aboard, as all the people in the car soon addressed me by the prefix. This didn't last very long with most of

them, however. When I was asked about the battles I had participated in I had to own up that I had never had a uniform on.

"This was humiliating enough, but there was much more in store. The conductor wanted me to stop over at Denver and attend a veterans' meeting. I was asked by a man who was writing a war book to write a preface for it, and four or five people wanted my photograph to put in their albums of heroes.

"It was the porter who gave me the finishing blow, however. When we reached San Francisco, I figured that a dollar tip would be about the right thing in his case, and after I had been duly brushed and bowed to and grinned at I handed it over. He reached for the bill with a smile as big as a house, but no sooner had he glanced at the figure in the corner than his smile faded, and he froze up as hard as rocks.

"With the general's compliments," I said as I put on my hat.

"He slowly thrust the bill into his pocket, bowed as if he had a poker down his back and with the utmost politeness replied:

"Corporal, I thank you, sah." — Detroit Free Press.

**A Fenimore Cooper Letter.**

An autograph collector of Philadelphia has in his possession the following letter written by James Fenimore Cooper, to his publishers in 1831.

"I hope you will be wrong in anticipating a bad reception for 'The Bravo.' I cannot tell you much of its reception in Europe, though Gosselin says it is very decidedly successful in France. America is, of all countries, one of the least favorable to works of the imagination. In Europe, or, rather, in England, where there has existed a necessity of accounting for some success in the very teeth of their prejudices and wishes, it has been the fashion to say that no writer ever enjoyed so favorable an opportunity as I because I am an American and a sailor. As to the sailor part of the business, it is grossly absurd, for what advantage has an American sailor over any other? They know the falsehood of what they say in this respect, for I can get £3,000 for a nautical tale that shall celebrate English skill tomorrow. For myself, I can write two European stories easier than I can write one American. Why, Eu-

rope itself is a romance, while all America is a matter of fact, humdrum; common sense reigns from Quaddy to Cape Florida."

"Whom did you discuss at your literary club this afternoon?" asked the husband in the evening.

"Let me see," murmured the wife. "Oh, yes, I remember now! Why, we discussed that woman who recently moved into the house across the street from us, and Longfellow." — Ohio State Journal.

"But you must admit that the Boers are holding their own?" ventured the American boarder.

"They are doing worse than that!" sighed the British boarder. "They are also holding ours." — Chicago News.

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